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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY

IF.

BY JULIETTE ESTELLE PRESCOTT.

Would we have loved each other had we known
How wide apart our future paths would lie?
Would each to each the other's heart have shown
As fully as the coming long good-bye?
If we had seen the coming long good-bye?
If we had known that years must come and go,
Long, weary years of emptiness and pain,
Of blossom barren, cold as winter snow,
As fitless as any desert plain;
Would we have been so happy when we met,
So sure of being loved, so full of hope;
Had we but measured the foredoomed regret,
Or guessed the darkness through which we
must grope?
I cannot tell! But this I do believe,
That I had loved you more, if this could be!
And I am glad that since I was to grieve,
The future was concealed from you and me.
Except for this, perhaps, if I had known
How you would pass quite out beyond my
reach,
I would more tenderly my love have shown,
Have spoken words that time and absence
teach.
Have held you nearer since I was to lose,
Have made the most of days that were our
own,
Had chosen always then, when mine to choose,
The good that since so utterly has flown.
For who can read the future's hidden page?
And who can tell if we shall meet again?
Not even my fond heart can this promise,
Tho' sweet expectancy haunts my pain.
Ah! if I could but know, could but be sure
That time was surely bringing you to me,
I could all present loneliness endure
For joy at thought of blessedness to be.

STORY TELLER.

A Touch of Jealousy.

"Done! finished! Thank fortune!" Kate Wise with a great sigh of relief, as she threw down a velvet hunting-jacket which she had just been mending for her brother-in-law; adding, in the next breath: "If I thought I should ever have a husband to make and mend for all the days of my life, I should get some kind friends to put me in a lunatic asylum to begin with."
"Then, if you really do intend to remain a maiden, Miss Wise, it is quite time you were beginning to put your age back," commented a mischievous-looking young man, who seemed very much at home in the cosy morning-room; for you know that some of your ill-natured friends already believe you to be twenty—at least."
"As if I care who knows it! I retorted Kate, with a scornful toss of her dark, curly head. "I am twenty—at least," mockingly, "and I hope to be twenty more before I even begin to think of settling down. Just look at Laurie, there—only two years my senior, and I have actually looked upon her as an old married woman for the past five years."
"Nevertheless," put in Laurie, smiling contentedly over her work, "my weight of years has not utterly crushed me. At least, I believe I am not gray-headed yet."
"O, no, not quite so bad as that!" admitted Kate, rather reluctantly. "But you know very well that you spend many an evening in the nursery or the sewing-room, when if you were not married, you would be enjoying life, dancing and flirting, like the rest of us. Beside, you no longer have the delightful privilege of choosing your escort from among half-a-dozen anxious suitors, but have to content yourself with the same one always, whether you like it or not."
"Still, I am always sure of some invitation," retorted Laurie, with a good-natured laugh at her sister, "and that one is certain to be from my favorite."
"O, pshaw!" said Kate, contemptuously. "You can't make me believe that a married woman lives who does not regret the freedom she has thrown away!"
"Mark my words, Kate, you will live to take back that assertion, and wonder that you ever made it!" exclaimed Jack Brandon, rising from the sofa and gathering up his hunting-traps, as Laurie's husband entered to don the jaunty shooting jacket which his kind-hearted, but liberty-loving sister-in-law had mended so neatly.
But Kate's only answer to Jack's taunting remark was a decided shake of the pretty head and a saucy, defiant laugh, as the two gentlemen strode down the walk in the crisp Autumn air, whistling to their dogs as they went.
Accustomed as he was to hearing it, Kate's latest tirade against matrimony jarred unpleasantly upon Jack Brandon's ears. All day long, amid the most exciting sports of the chase, her taunting words rang through his heart and disturbed the full tide of happiness which the braiding air and

his own fine animal spirits sent through every fibre of his young and healthy frame.
"I can't doubt that she thinks she means it all," mused Jack, walking slowly up to the bird which had just dropped, with a last fluttering gasp, to the ground. "Poor thing!" he said, pityingly, as he took it up. "I wonder if Kate would care if she saw me lying wounded and dead like this—killed by her cruelty! Bah! I'm getting sentimental! The truth is, I know she likes me—and I believe that she would discover that she loves me, too, if she would only take the trouble to look into her own heart a little. But that she will never do while her life glides on so smoothly. No wonder single blessedness looks delightful to her—half a dozen devoted slaves always at her command, and myself the greatest booby of the lot! Well, suppose we disturb the evenness of the current a little, and see what will come of it!"
That evening the pleasant parlor of Laurie Morton's hospitable home was brilliant with light and music, and her sister Kate, the willful seamstress of the morning, was entertaining, in a charming fashion, a party of gay young friends, herself the most attractive and admired of the group.
Jack Brandon lingered about her, with his usual half-careless, half-devoted manner, save that to-night there was a preoccupied air about him, so different from his natural sunny gaiety, of disposition that Kate soon began to rally him upon it.
"To tell the truth, Kate," said he, "I have been thinking all day of what you said this morning. If you really mean all you say—"
"Mean it!" she interrupted, indignantly. "Of course I mean it! Have I ever given you, or any one else, any reason to suppose I did not?"
"No, I can't say that you have," admitted Jack, ruefully. But as I was saying, if you really never intend to be married, why, there's no use in a fellow making a fool of himself for your sake forever. So I must seek elsewhere for the love which I foolishly believed you would grant me some day. Of course, a girl knows best what will make her happy, and I won't annoy you any more about the subject. But we must always be good friends; Katie, even though you won't marry me."
"With all my heart, Jack!" said Kate, a little huskily, giving him her hand. "You are the most sensible man of my acquaintance. No doubt there are plenty of other girls who would be only too glad to resign their freedom and become Mrs. Jack Brandon."
"Oh, I shouldn't wonder," returned Jack, complacently (the hypocrite!) "only, you see, my preference for yourself made me blind to their charms. However, I must now make up for lost time, since Nature never intended me for a bachelor."
And with one of his brightest, friendliest smiles, Jack nodded a pleasant *au revoir*, and sauntered across the room to the vicinity of Rachel Bowen, a young lady who had always ranked next to Katie in Mr. Brandon's warmest regards.
"How coolly he takes it!" thought Kate, her glance following his movements with a little surprise which she could not quite conceal. "Of course, I never meant to marry him, though he's good enough for any woman living. Still, I must say, I never dreamed of his ever growing tired of the situation!"
So the weeks went by, Jack Brandon called upon Katie frequently, but she was no longer bored by any love-like demonstrations. On the contrary, he was so entirely and simply the disinterested friend, that she often found herself longing for some of his old fond glances, some of those countless indications, in tone and manner, that she was more to him than all others. But none ever came.
Never did one of Cupid's slaves shake off his gilded fetters so easily, and with such grateful good nature, as did the once tiresomely devoted Jack.
Occasionally he brought Rachel Bowen's name into the conversation, quite casually, but with a certain air which showed that she was fast gaining a deep hold upon his interest. And in these days it was not handsomely saucy Kate Wise who received Jack's invitation to party and theatre, or who rode behind the musical jingle of his sleigh bells, tucked up in warm fur robes, in the nattiest little cutter the town could boast of.
Oh, no! it was pretty, winsome, dove-like Rachel Bowen, who carried off all these honors, and who evidently

enjoyed it to the utmost, too. Kate was rallied unmercifully about the sudden defection of her chief admirer; and the worst of it was that nobody seemed to think of him as her rejected lover. She could not even have the triumph, for she was too proud to intimate such a thing, herself, and Jack's demeanor was such that no one could possibly imagine him to be disappointed swain. So, though deeply chagrined at heart, she bore the situation bravely, and pleasantly joined in the laugh at her own expense.
But a time came when Kate's laughter changed to tears; at least, in the solitude of her own room. Jack Brandon had broken his arm, and had been taken at once to Mrs. Bowen's motherly roof to be cared for. Day after day, Kate pictured her pretty rival bending gently over the handsome sufferer, soothing his pain, and rendering herself dearer to his heart each passing hour.
It was now that she most keenly realized what a sweet privilege she had thrown away. To see Jack's handsome, sunny face, daily brightening her home, had been such a common thing that she had thought nothing of it; but of late she had come to treasure up every word or glance of his as something precious, and now it was Rachel who was always to be blessed with those loving looks, those radiant smiles! Too be sure, Kate would still have her glorious freedom, but, alas! what was freedom without Jack?
In the midst of her grief, she was one day surprised by a summons to Jack's bedside, and it came from Rachel herself.
"Poor Jack seems out of his head," she said, "and as you and he were such good friends, I thought you wouldn't mind helping us to watch with him occasionally."
"Wouldn't mind!" Kate's heart was throbbing to suffocation as she stood by the couch and looked down upon the sleeping sufferer, with his poor, bandaged arm and deeply flushed cheeks. She had expected to find him looking pale, but thinking he had a high fever, she stood watching him in silent pity long after Rachel had pleaded fatigue and left her alone with the handsome patient.
Of course her womanly compassion soon conquered her pride, and a few pitting tears fell upon Jack's hot cheeks as she smoothed his brow and murmured some low, caressing words. Then Jack suddenly opened his eyes and caught her fond, wistful look and the sweet loving words, after which there was no earthly use in her trying longer to conceal her feelings; and then, somehow, before her considerate rival again entered the room, Kate found herself actually engaged to Jack Brandon, and learned at the same time that his supposed love for Rachel and his broken arm was a shameful hoax, and Rachel and Laurie had both been in the plot.
Of course Kate threatened to break the newly-formed engagement straightway, but, having once conquered, Jack was not afraid of that.
"I knew you loved me all the time," said he, composedly, "and I thought a touch of jealousy would show you what a treasure you were in danger of losing."
Let any one ask Mrs. Jack Brandon to-day if she regrets her girlhood's freedom, and she will answer, with the evasive diplomacy of a Philadelphia lawyer:
"Not yet."

John Kitto.

John Kitto, the eldest son of John Kitto and Elizabeth Picken, was born at Plymouth, England, December 4, 1804. He was delicate from his birth, and, indeed, was never well. His father, a mason by trade, was a drunkard. Young Kitto consequently had no advantages, and was entirely a self-made man. His grandmother, Mrs. Picken, had a few books—a Family Bible, a Prayer Book, Bunyan's Pilgrim and Gulliver's Travels. These young Kitto devoured, and spent all the money he could get in buying others. He went to school when his grandmother had money to pay the teacher, which was seldom.
February 13, 1817, the elder Kitto was engaged in repairing a roof, and his son was helping him by carrying up the slates, when his foot slipped and he fell a distance of thirty-five feet. For months he was confined to his bed, and it was found that he was totally and incurably deaf. The base of his skull was also fractured,

which in connection with a constitutional headache, gave him great pain throughout life. His grandmother with whom he lived, being obliged to leave Plymouth, and his father, owing to his drinking habits, being unable to support his family, in 1818, young Kitto was sent to the work-house. Here he remained, suffering greatly from the rudeness of his companions, as he was unfortunately very sensitive, until November 8, 1823, when he was apprenticed to John Bowden, a shoemaker. Bowden was a brute and treated his apprentice very badly, and after enduring his tyranny as long as he was able, Kitto appealed to the law authorities who, after a trial, took him away from his master, and sent him back to the Poor House.
The next event in Kitto's life was his introduction to Mr. Groves, a dentist of Exeter, who offered to teach him dentistry, to board him and pay him a small salary with the prospect of higher remuneration. This offer was accepted. Kitto was always, even in childhood, anxious to shine as an author, and in 1825 he published by subscription his first book—"Journal and Memoranda of a man with Four Senses," by John Kitto, Shoemaker and Pauper." This was the beginning of a life of authorship. Kitto was anxious to be a missionary, but as his deafness was a bar to that plan, he entered the Missionary College at Islington, intending to learn the printer's trade, as the next best thing to being a missionary, and then going to the east as a printer. He and the authorities of the College took different views of the matter. The latter thought that he ought to confine his attention to type-setting; while the former thought he ought to study in order to be at least a translator, if not an author. The dispute ran high, and Kitto, who was of a very obstinate disposition, resigned his situation. His friends next procured him a situation in the missionary printing office in the island of Malta, which supplied missionaries with tracts in Greek, Arabic, Maltese and Italian. Here he remained about eighteen months, when he again got into difficulties with the authorities, owing to his love of literary pursuits, which led him to neglect his duty as a printer, and was compelled to resign. He returned to England, a disappointed man, for in addition to his other troubles, a lady to whom he was engaged jilted him.
On June 12th, 1829, Kitto sailed for Bagdad, as tutor to the children of Mr. Groves, who went there as a missionary. He remained in the east, experiencing various adventures, including a siege of Bagdad and the plague, until September 19th, 1832, when he left Bagdad for England. Soon after his return to England, Kitto was married to Annabella Fenwick. It is said that the bridegroom afforded the spectators of the ceremony considerable amusement, for more than once, from his deafness, he got before the officiating clergyman, and had to be recalled to the actual duty which the course of the service devolved upon him. Kitto says that his wife was a great service to him in his literary pursuits, sympathizing with him and helping him in every way. Henceforth Kitto's life was that of a literary man. He was editor of the *Pictorial Bible*, wrote the "Last Scenes," "The Christian Traveller," "School History of Palestine," "Daily Bible Illustrations," and several other books. His pen was seldom idle, but like most who depend on the pen for a livelihood, he was often in pecuniary difficulties. In 1844, the University of Giessen conferred the diploma of Doctor of Divinity upon him. In Germany, this title is sometimes conferred upon men who, like Kitto, are not clergymen, and in such cases, if one has already obtained the title of Doctor of Divinity, "desires to undertake the pastoral office, he is ordained without the examination which all others must undergo." In 1845, Dr. Kitto became a fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquarians.
Although Dr. Kitto was never a pupil of any institution for the deaf, he understood and used the English double alphabet. He could speak, but at one period of his life was very reluctant to do so, but his friends would not understand anything he wrote, and so forced him to use his vocal organs. He died at Cannstatt, Wurtemberg, where he had gone for his health, which had broken down from overwork, in 1854.
His life is an example of what a firm will and intelligence can do in spite of difficulties. His works on

the Bible are still considered great authorities, and his name will be remembered until the end of time.
CYRIL CADWALLADER.
Food for Reflection.
To deaf-mutes, shut out from sound and all the profits and pleasures to be derived from it, reading is of inestimable value. They should therefore cultivate a taste for good literature. In a great measure, reading is to the mind what food is to the body—its source of health and strength. We all know that without food the body would soon become weak and helpless. Cannot the same be said of the mind that receives little or no mental food? The minds of deaf-mutes are keen and active and crave material for thought, just the same as do the minds of persons who can hear. If there were no ways in which to satisfy these cravings, imagine how utterly sad and lonely the life of a deaf-mute would be. But, thank God, there are things which afford them a plentiful supply of food for calm reflections. The beautiful and seemingly limitless expanses of nature—forms one sees, but this is by no means sufficient for the ever-growing and inquiring mind, which demands a reason for *this* and *that* visible object. Books and papers give almost endless information, and, what is better, help to lead the thoughts from nature up to nature's God. O, what a grand and sublime record of Divine love and mercy does the Bible and the written testimonies of Christians in all ages form. It is a solace in times of sorrow and loneliness, to be able to think of God's many precious promises, as conveyed to us through the Bible, and to find how truly they accord with our own needs or wants. What a vast amount of information and common sense may be acquired by diligent reading. The wonder is that deaf-mutes who have so few sources of enjoyment, do not strain all their energies to master language in order to enjoy the rich mental feast offered them in books and papers. How many of them possess little or no taste for reading, choosing rather to pass their leisure time in idle gossip or profitless amusements. Such a state of things should not be. It is both wrong and harmful. Reader, if some one should prepare a grand dinner, consisting of all kinds of meats, vegetables, fruits, etc., and invite you to come and partake of it at a time when you were very hungry, would you refuse to accept the invitation? I think not. Well, good books and papers afford a splendid feast for the mind, when it grows lonesome and disconsolate. Will you refuse to avail yourself of this feast, and starve the mind? Sometimes I think that our eternal salvation depends upon whether or not we satisfy, as far as possible, the cravings of the mind for good mental food. I would therefore urge all deaf-mutes to cease gossiping away their leisure time, and try to acquire a taste for good reading. Do not read novels, for they do not, as a rule, develop the nobler qualities of mind and heart, but rather tend to stifle them. Read the Biographies of great and good persons. The events of the present and the histories of the past. Read "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," which is a book of thrilling interest. Ask your friends for good books and papers that will help you to learn more about God and great and good men and women, and when you get them, read them carefully, with a dictionary before you to help you understand the hard words, and, above all, pray to God for light and help. I am myself deaf, and more than half of my education, I think, has been acquired through reading books and papers. They are my chief sources of pleasure and profit, and I can say with gratitude
Thank God for books—good books,
Out of whose pages nobleness looks;
Life would be lonely and dark for me,
O, books, dear books, but for thee.
God has given us keen eyesight
And a mind capable of understanding,
and it is our duty to employ these faculties. If we refuse or neglect to do so, they will be taken away.
KATE M. FARLOW.
REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.
St. Louis, Saturday, April 15th, Lecture.
St. Louis, Sunday, April 16th, Rookford, Ill., Saturday, April 22d—Service.
Rookford, Ill. Sunday, April 23d—Confirmation.

Small-pox.

The following article is from a lecture by Dr. Alban S. Payne, late professor of Theory and Practice in the Southern Medical College, Atlanta, Ga., and Honorable Fellow of the Medical Society, of Virginia. It will be read with interest both by the physician and the public at this time when small-pox is so prevalent.
Prof. Payne states that as early as 1846, when at the Small-pox Hospital in New York City, he noticed that the primary or initial fever of small-pox could be detected by the pulse before any other symptom appeared. This pathognomonic pulse is one peculiar to small-pox, a pulse *sui generis* difficult to describe, but recognized by any physician who will patiently and carefully investigate the subject until his fingers become educated. When once recognized it can never be forgotten, any more than when a physician who has once learned to detect a hemorrhagic pulse could forget its peculiar thrill imparted to his educated fingers.
Having learned to recognize the initial fever by its peculiar pulse, he next proceeded to vaccinate. If this is done within ten or twelve hours after inception of the initial fever, the patient will have slight indisposition, without a sign of eruption, and a positive exemption from the recurrence of the disease, as if he had had it in the most malignant form. The most remarkable feature about the whole thing is that if the patient is vaccinated early after the initial fever sets in, he may be then allowed to go out where he pleases without fear of giving the disease to others. The ingrafting of the vaccine matter upon the primary variolous fever seems to have the power to destroy the ability of reproduction or propagation entirely. Another peculiarity is this: If an unprotected person is vaccinated before the inception of the initial fever, and the vaccine takes, but does not prevent, only modifies the disease, the eruption will be varioloid in its appearance and characteristics. But if vaccinated after the commencement of the initial fever, and too late to prevent an eruption, the eruption will resemble in size and other characteristics the small-pox eruption, it matters not whether there is one or a hundred pimples. There is as great a difference in the appearance of the varioloid eruption and the small-pox eruption as there is between gray and yellow.
Dr. Payne divides small-pox into confluent semi-confluent, discrete, modified and manipulated, the latter being a term of his own invention.
A case described by Dr. Payne, occurred in January, 1873. He called on the 24th to see W. J., suffering from an eruption which he recognized as varioloid. He vaccinated the father and two sisters, but an old aunt refused to be vaccinated, although she had not been vaccinated in many years, and she died on the 10th of February. The next day, January 25th he found the brother at home with the peculiar pulse. As he was unprotected, Dr. Payne vaccinated him at once, and the very next day the arm looked as if it was vaccinated eight days before; it became rapidly sore; he was indisposed for two or three days, and recovered without a single sign of an eruption.
In another case of "unusually poor and shiftless colored people, the whole family of eight persons, of all ages and both sexes, occupied a house that had only one room, in which the cooking, washing, and everything else had to be done. Good air and cleanliness were impossible. The father suffered from a very malignant case of varioloid and was terribly scared up, but the rest of the family, none of whom had ever been vaccinated before, were vaccinated after the initial fever began and escaped with slight attacks. One of the women had twenty pustules, but no scars; another had two or three pimples; a third had one on her face and one on the bottom of each foot; a fourth had no eruption. The boys had about twenty pustules each. We might quote numerous other cases of whites and blacks where vaccination after the initial fever had set in was followed by the arms becoming rapidly sore, malaise continued for a day or two, and rapid recovery with slight eruption or none at all.
On the 8th of January, Prof. Payne's own family were exposed to small-pox, and the initial fever revealed itself in all their pulses on February 2. He re-vaccinated them; their arms became rapidly sore; there was very slight malaise for two days, and

convalescence without any eruption.
Prof. Payne had tried his plan in more than a hundred cases, extending over a period of thirty-four years, without a failure. He now calls upon medical men to repeat his experiments and report on them.
Governor Gooch and Goochland.
Rev. Job Turner wrote to the JOURNAL about his visit to some old deaf-mutes at Goochland, Va. His letter was interesting, and I will give you some reminiscences of history. Goochland was named after Gov. Gooch, of Virginia, far away back before 1746, I believe. About this time, Rev. Whitefield paid his second visit to the Old Dominion. He found a different feeling existing on the part of the Church and the Government. There had evidently arisen "a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." He was not long allowed to preach, "the door being shut," as he expressed it, by a proclamation issued by Governor Gooch, forbidding under the severest penalties, the meetings of Moravians, New Lights and Methodists.
Rev. Whitefield had already done a "good work," and was ahead of the Governor, as attested by a letter written to the Rev. J. Wesley, from Queen Ann's County, Maryland, Oct. 14, 1746, as follows:—"If you ask how it is with me, I answer, Happy in Jesus, the Lord, my righteousness. If you ask what I am doing; Ranging and hunting in the American woods after poor sinners, and resolved in the strength of Jesus to pursue the heavenly game more and more. If you ask with what success, I would answer: O, amazing grace! With great success, indeed, for my labors were never more acceptable, and the door for fifteen hundred miles together is quite open for preaching the everlasting Gospel. In Maryland and Virginia, the people fly to hear the Word like doves to the windows. Congregations are large, and the work is going on just as it began and went on in England."
This letter was written before the Governor's proclamation was issued. The precise date of the proclamation is not known, but it is said it was issued in 1746. Rev. Whitefield's first reference to it, so far as we can find it, was April 26, 1747. Several religious sects had their quarrels, pronouncing their anathemas first against the poor Quakers, then upon the wicked Puritans and Papists, then upon the dangerous Presbyterians and Baptists. They were all equally guilty, in that they were all without the pale of "the Church," and consequently out of its protection, but within reach of its persecuting arm.
It is a singular historical fact that thirty years after the publication of the "proclamation" under notice, in 1776, when the American people issued their "Declaration of Rights," proclaiming to all men the free exercise of religious worship, and which gave a decided blow to the "Establishment," the Methodists joined with the Episcopal clergy in petitioning the Legislature, soliciting "the Continuance of the Establishment upon Principles of Justice, of Wisdom, and of Policy."
Nor is the defense of the Governor by Rev. Samuel Davis, afterward President of Princeton College, less remarkable. Here, indeed, are examples of loving our enemies, and returning good for evil, such as are not often found. For several years previously, there had been a great increase of religious concern in Virginia, until the attention of the Government seems to have been excited.
In 1745, Gov. Gooch, in an address to a Grand Jury, complains that a system of religious worship contrary to that of the Establishment, has been introduced into the colony. Here, then, is doubtless the spark, which, in all probability, was kindled to a flame by the presence of Whitefield the next year, and hence the proclamation of 1746. This, at least, is our theory or elucidation of the unholy and disgraceful persecution by Governor Gooch and his council—a persecution, however, which, in the opinion of the accomplished historian of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, was the harbinger of "her almost entire overthrow." Such is the part of the history of Hon. Sir William Gooch and religion in the colonies. His name is honored and perpetuated in the name of the city of Goochland, Va.
JUDON DECOURSY.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and North Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The Bartlett Memorial.

It is with pleasure we print a small article, taken from the *Hartford Times*, relating to the Bartlett Memorial Tablet which is to be erected in Norwich, Ct. The meditation likeness which is now attracting public attention in Hartford, is said by those who were intimately acquainted with Mr. Bartlett to be a wonderfully realistic production. The quiet and unostentatious way in which the tablet is being secured, is creditable to the Committee who have the matter in hand.

There are very few, perhaps, of our readers in the eastern portion of the United States, who have not heard of David E. Bartlett. He was a teacher of deaf-mutes for over half a century. Beginning at the Hartford Asylum in 1828, he taught there till 1832, when he accepted a call from the New York Institution, where he remained for twenty years. He resigned his position at the New York Institution to start a private school for deaf-mutes in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. In 1863, at the request of Rev. W. W. Turner, he returned to the American Asylum, where he taught until the close of his long and useful life in the winter of 1879. His last public act was to act as interpreter, and also to hold a special service for deaf-mutes, at the Park Church in Norwich—the edifice in which it is designed to place the memorial tablet. It will be a deserved yet modest tribute to a good and generous friend. After New England mutes, with whom the beginning and the ending years of his career as an educator were passed, are the grateful donors. His character is described by Dr. L. L. Peet, Principal of the New York Institution as follows: "He was one of the best and purest men that ever lived. His warm and generous heart beat in sympathy with every sorrowing one, and gladdened with pleasure at seeing the happiness of others. He was brimful of enthusiasm in his work, and no deaf-mute ever came under his instruction without having his mental and moral nature quickened to the core. His extraordinary command of pantomime, the nicety and grace of his gestures, and endurance in the way of illustration, not only made every subject which he presented as luminous as sunlight, but invested it with a charm which fascinated his pupils. Shall we ever see his like again?"

Edmund Booth, the venerable deaf-mute editor of the *Anamosa* (Ia.) *Enterprise*, in a recent article, says: "David E. Bartlett was one of the successful. Richly endowed by nature with vital physical forces, he seemed never to tire out until old age overtook him. I knew him well, and know he was a faithful worker, and that he loved his work." The tablet is to be dedicated next summer, when the mutes of surrounding country will assemble, and appropriate ceremonies be observed. God speed the noble work, and may the tablet long remain to teach to future generations the good, the earnest, and the useful life of David E. Bartlett, as well as the gratitude of the New England deaf and dumb.

The "Descriptive Catalogue of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs and Plants" cultivated at the Westbury Nurseries has been received. One of the members of the Company is Gilbert Hicks, a deaf-mute graduate of the New York Institution. We are glad to notice the extensive and complete list of everything that pertains to a business of this kind, catalogued and described in a terse and comprehensive style, especially when we find one of our class at or near the head of it. If any of our readers want

anything in his line, we hope they will patronize Mr. Hicks, whose reputation for honest dealing is only equalled by his generous and companionable disposition. The address of the firm is Isaac Hicks & Sons, Old Westbury, Long Island.

NOTICES.

Deaf-mutes and their friends are invited to attend service in St. Andrew's Church, corner of 4th Avenue and 127th Street (Harlem), on Sunday, March 19th, at 7.30 p.m. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret.

LENT-SERVICES IN ST. ANN'S CHURCH, N. Y.

Sundays, 7 and 10.30 A.M., 4 and 7.30 P.M. and 2.45 P.M., for Deaf-mutes.

Week-days at 8, 12 and 4 daily, and Wednesdays and Fridays at 7.45 P.M. During Lent, the Holy Communion is celebrated every Sunday at 7 and 10.30 A.M., and every Thursday at noon. Bible class for Deaf-mutes, on Tuesdays at 7.30 P.M. Confirmation, April 30th, at 3.30 P.M.

Philadelphia Notices.

BAPTISM AND CONFIRMATION.

The Right Rev. Bishop Stevens, will hold a confirmation in St. Stephen's Church at 11 A.M., Tuesday, before Easter, April 4th.

There will be opportunity for Holy Baptism on Sunday, April 24, instead of March 26th, when Mr. Syle will be absent; and on Easter Day, when the Rev. Edward Syle, D.D., will preach.

The season of Easter is, according to the custom of the Early Church, especially suitable for the Sacrament of Baptism. As Christ died in His mortal body and was raised up from the dead with a glorious and immortal body, so in Baptism, we "put off the old which is corrupt, and are renewed in the spirit of our mind, and put on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." (Eph. 4, 22-24; see Romans 6, 2-11).

All persons desiring Baptism for themselves or their children, or to renew their Christian profession and receive admission to the Holy Communion in Confirmation, are affectionately reminded of the excellent rule of our Prayer Book (at the beginning of Baptism of those of riper years), that timely notice shall be given to the minister; that so due care may be taken for their examination, whether they be sufficiently instructed in the principles of the Christian religion; and that they may be exhorted to prepare themselves, with prayer and fasting.

Parents and others having to choose God-fathers and God-mothers, are also earnestly requested to select only pious and God-fearing persons, who understand and will perform the duties which are stated in the exhortation at the end of the Baptismal service.

KENSINGTON, PA., MISSION.

For two years past, services have been held twice a month in Kensington, a district in the east of Philadelphia; first at the house of Mr. Isaac Stratton, and then in the Sunday School Rooms of Emmanuel Church (Rev. N. L. Briggs), Marlborough St., above Girard Avenue. Recently, at the request of those attending, a class has been established, meeting on Monday evenings, taught by Mr. A. L. Manning.

It has now been found best to make some changes, and the arrangements hereafter will be as follows: There will be classes at 10.30 A.M. every Sunday, except the first of the month. On this first Sunday, Mr. Syle will conduct service at the same hour, and at Communion-time (about 12 o'clock), he will go upstairs into the Church and interpret at the Communion, as he did on Christmas Day.

The rector and vestry of Emmanuel Church, and the congregation, welcome the deaf cordially, and are happy to have their hearing children join the Sunday school.

If there should prove to be a considerable number unable to come to the Sunday morning class, another will be established on some week evening.

This mission is a branch of that at St. Stephen's church, and the incidental expenses are borne by the Ephraim Guild, which receives the contributions at the classes and services, the same as at St. Stephen's.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AND DELAWARE.

Rev. H. W. Syle's Appointment.

Reading—Monday, March 13th.

Hagerstown—At Mr. D. Buck's, Tuesday, March 14th.

Edinboro—Wednesday, March 15th.

Wilkesboro, Del.—Probably Friday, March 17th.

Lancaster—Confirmation, A.M. Sunday, March 26th.

Harrisburg—Evening, Sunday, March 26th.

Reading—Confirmation, Thursday, April 6th.

Scranton—Confirmation, Sunday, April 23d.

Allentown—Confirmation, Sunday, May 19th.

All persons desiring Holy Baptism, or admission to the Holy Communion through Confirmation, are affectionately requested to inform, as soon as possible, the rector of the church in their own neighborhood, or the missionary, Rev. Henry Winter Syle, 2206 Wallace street, Philadelphia.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to *The Itemizer*.

Will Richard Herriek, a graduate of the New York School, please let a friend know his address through the *JOURNAL*?

Mr. A. V. Dorguiet, of Jamestown, N. Y., says he likes his place with Hodgkins & Paudleton. He attends the M. E. Church regularly.

The family of James D. Jones, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., was increased by the arrival of a handsome boy baby, on the 17th of February.

Mr. A. V. Bergquist, while in Park City, Pa., last January, visited four deaf-mutes—William Kelly (shoemaker), Miss Rebecca D., and David and James W. Hotelison.

Henry Semple, a graduate from the Rome School, expects to go to Kansas with his brother Alex., some time this month. His parents will remain in Utah till next fall.

Misses Semple and Gallagher, two intelligent deaf-mute ladies of Utah, attended the Masquerade Party in Elton, N. Y., on the 22d of last month, and had a delightful time. They both look healthier and fresher than when they were at school.

A surprise party was given to Mr. John Page and wife on Washington's birthday. There were present John Irvin and wife, Mrs. J. P. Webb, O. D. Deering, Miss Ella Cady, Miss Mary Bradbury and Mrs. Ermas.

It is reported that Miss Clara B. Mather, a graduate of the Rome School, is to be married some time during this spring, to Mr. Charles Stocking, a graduate of the New York School. We wish them much happiness.

Mr. R. A. Gelder, a graduate of the New York Institution, has removed from Williams, Ia., to Stratford. He says he will not go to the reunion at the Illinois Institution next summer, but will probably come to New York to see all his friends. He remembers gratefully Dr. L. L. Peet and Dr. Porter. Also Mr. Merwin, Mr. F. D. Clarke, Mr. W. H. Bremer, Messrs. H. W. Syle, H. D. Reeves, J. Conkling, and Mrs. L. L. Peet and Miss Montgomery.

"The New York DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL" says it has been officially decided that the Teachers' Convention will be held at Jacksonville, Ill.

"It may be so, and certainly the probabilities are that way, but official notice has not reached this neck of woods, so our principal tells us, and the Deaf-Mute *Advance*, published at Jacksonville, Illinois, does not seem to have got hold of it yet, as far as we have been able to see."—*Kansas Optic*.

Which proves that when you want the latest reliable news, the *JOURNAL* is the place to look for it.

Education of the Deaf.

The moral education is of special importance. Parents must not fall into the error of thinking that, with respect to the principles observed in the education of ordinary children, an exception ought to be made in the case of a deaf-mute child. Just like other children, the latter must early be taught the difference between right and wrong; it must know what it may do and what it may not do; an occupation must be given to it suited to its age, and it must be taught cleanliness and neatness. These are the points which are most frequently neglected in the education of deaf-mute children, the greatest tendency being shown them, all their wishes being fulfilled, and all their acts deserving punishment remaining uncorrected. Such indulgent treatment produces peculiarities in the character of deaf-mutes which are supposed to exist in all of them. When occasion requires it, the deaf-mute child must be treated with the same severity as an ordinary child would be in order to keep it right. If it has brothers and sisters, the parents must be very careful not to fall into the error of petting it, perhaps out of pity, more than the other children. As it gets older, a constant and regular occupation must be given it, for if this is neglected it will get used to laziness, and get fond of it just as easy as any other child.—*Deaf-Mute*—Dr. Hartmann.

A Deaf-Mute Wedding.

ARRIVAL AT THE UNION DEPT. OF A DEAF BRIDAL PARTY.

The community near Boles, Franklin Co., Mo., was somewhat excited on Wednesday last by an interesting and somewhat unusual event that occurred at the residence of Mr. L. M. Sawyer. This was the marriage of Mr. C. W. Berry, of Brighton, Ill., to Miss Octavia Davidson, daughter of an old and highly respected citizen of Franklin County, both parties being of that unfortunate class called deaf-mutes. Being unable to secure the services of a minister familiar with the sign-language, Rev. Mr. Chew of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Washington, Mo., was engaged for the occasion, and by aid of the printed ritual they were married in due form. Besides from the neighborhood several mutes were present, friends and former schoolmates of the bride and groom. Miss Ellen Berry, sister of the groom and assistant matron of the Jacksonville (Ill.) Deaf and Dumb Institution, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Thomas Davidson, brother of the bride, and for the time perfectly dumb, was groomsmen. Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Campbell and Miss Campbell, Annie and Mary McCamley, of St. Louis, mites, stood by and witnessed the ceremonies with evident interest. The happy party left on the 4 p.m. train for St. Louis, where they were met by a company of silent friends at the Union Depot.

A subscriber asks:—"Where can Mrs. Donnell (now Miss Jennie Gillan) be found?"

Moses Heyman has no intention of joining the Twilight Union, and never said he had.

John A. Glidden, of Rochester, N. H., has steady employment in Wallace's shoe manufactory.

Miss Jessie E. Glenn arrived at Philadelphia from a pleasant visit to Albany, N. Y., last February.

Mrs. B. D. Bear, of Bridgeport, Ct., expects a visit from her brother, Ira Durby, some-time this spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, of Baltimore, with their little daughter, will go away to live in Maryland, Md., next summer.

Mrs. Lizzie Frey, nee Miss Feldspuch, is going to live in Baltimore for two years. Afterwards she will go to New Jersey.

BROOKLYN, MARCH 12.—Miss Mary Rockwell says she wants to know what Alexander Deszond's address is in Brooklyn or in Philadelphia.

The rumor has gently been circulated that one of the Connecticut girls is engaged to a well known mite gentleman of New York City. True?

"Elizabeth Jane & Co." fancy that the coming Convention should be more properly held in Hartford, Ct., than any where else. Who will agree with them?

On March 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, Mr. N. J. Ellis, of Catawissa, Pa., honored his friends of Epy, Pa., with his genial presence. All were pleased to see him, and hope he may soon come again.

Last October, J. B. Moody came after Ed. Skelley and John Shleaff to go with him to Lebanon, to attend the religious service held there by Rev. Samuel Rowe. Not finding them he got John A. Glidden to accompany him. At the services, the minister baptized two of Mrs. Moody's children.

An admirer writes:—"Miss E. Lockwood is now at home well and happy. She stopped at Mount Vernon to see her friends. Rev. Mr. Holmes and his wife, on her way home. March 4th, and had a pleasant call. She reports having had a splendid time while on a two week's visit in New York City."

William Kinney has left Hackensack, N. J. He will work at Bartleyville, N. J., building sound houses. Mr. Kinney was educated at the New York Institution, which he left thirty-eight years ago. He went to Newark and attended the service held by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain lately. He was accompanied by Mr. House.

It is a bad practice for the deaf to take up much time in writing when they are in places of business. To business men, every moment is precious, and they cannot but regard a deaf-mute a decided bore when he consumes an hour, perhaps, in purchasing some little thing. There is a limit always to human patience.—*Via-Via*.

Wilbur S. Palmer, of Chateaugay, N. Y., made himself a pair of boots, and they are well made. He is now busy making a pair of boots for his father. It is no wonder that he never buys any boots when he is a good shoemaker. He has quite a quantity of leather on hand. Sometimes he does a good deal of repairing, but he doesn't make it a practice to work for customers. He has plenty of work to do on the farm in helping his father without doing much at shoemaking. He learned his trade at the New York Institution.

An unfortunate circumstance lately happened at the residence of Mrs. C., a deaf-mute lady of Philadelphia. By some unaccountable means, she closed the stove door upon her poor cat, resulting in its death. Her little daughter heard the noise, which the poor animal made in its confinement, but unfortunately the door was not opened until it was too late. The cat was found dead and stiff. The correspondent of the item thinks that deaf-mutes cannot be too careful, not only in preventing accidents to themselves, but in the care of those placed in their charge. We would, therefore, advise that the lesson conveyed by this misfortune be heeded by all.

Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, President of the National Deaf-Mute College, at Washington, D. C., delivered a very interesting lecture in the large and magnificently illuminated auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association at 15th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the 3d. There were probably eighty to one hundred in the audience. The lecture was listened to with evident delight by those present, and at its conclusion he was tendered a vote of thanks, all of the attendants holding up their hands in the expression of it. Dr. Gallaudet made his signs very gracefully, and we believe he was easily understood. Part of his lecture was devoted to the trials upon travellers, illustrating it by some of his own experience, when with some of his family he went to Europe. He also lectured upon the growth of character, mind and life, which part of his subject was also well and ably handled. When the meeting adjourned, many shook hands with Dr. Gallaudet, evidently much pleased to meet him, and appreciating his self-accruing labors in behalf of deaf-mutes. A sister of Dr. Gallaudet was also noticed as being present. She is the wife of Rev. Dr. Turnbull, a Presbyterian Minister in West Philadelphia. She is a very kind and pleasant lady.

A Notable Work.

There is now on exhibition for a few days at Vorce's art gallery a marble medallion likeness, as admirable in its artistic merit as it is interesting in its authorship and design. It is a bas-relief profile likeness of the late Professor David E. Bartlett, of the American Asylum for Deaf-Mutes, executed from memory and an existing photograph only, by a former deaf-mute pupil of the Asylum, Mr. Francis Watts, now a resident of Rockville. The commission for the work was given to Mr. Watts by a number of deaf-mutes, of Norwich and other places, for whom Professor Bartlett frequently conducted religious services on the Sabbath during the latter years of his life, and is to be placed upon the walls of the Park church in Norwich (the Rev. Dr. Babson's), where these services were usually held, as a part of a memorial tablet of Mr. Bartlett.

Mr. Watts is a marble-cutter by profession, and has given proof before, in monumental designs, of considerable artistic ability; but this is his first important work of portraiture. In fidelity, finish and characteristic expression it has much artistic merit, and indicates an honorable future success for the artist, of whom his Alma Mater may well be proud.—*Hartford Times*, March 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Jubing, of Trecklyn, prepare to go to Philadelphia to attend the reception next April.

James Burns of Brooklyn, was recently sentenced to imprisonment for three years on a charge of burglary.

Paul S. Morley, of Sharpville, Pa., will probably go to Youngstown, O., on the 24th, to take in the sights.

The writer of this item would like to know the address of his friend, Mr. Moyle, of Baltimore, through the *JOURNAL*.

It is rumored that John F. Partington, of Brooklyn, is engaged to be married next April to a New Jersey belle.

Mrs. Melie Evamarie Dranhal Clary, sister of Mrs. M. A. Enas, is dying. Mrs. M. A. Enas has our heartfelt sympathy.—Mrs. P. Douglas.

Miss Cynthia Thompson, of Peninsula, O., spent Sunday, March 12th, in Cleveland, attending divine services, returning home on Monday.

The father of Mrs. Sadie Lounsbury will sell his farm and stock in Tallman Station, N. Y., by auction next Thursday. The farm was the birthplace of Sadie.

The mutes of Boston will give a "neck-tie" party on the 5th of April. Hope it will be a grand success. Mr. G. A. Newhall will lecture on the 15th inst., Eddie W. Frisbee on the 22d inst., and W. P. Wade on the 29th inst.

Miss Maggie E. Hines, of St. John, N. B., has arrived in Biddeford, Me., where she has found a situation where she is appreciated and well thought of. We hope she will find it agreeable and satisfactory to herself.

Dr. J. H. Johnson, principal of the Alabama Institution, as well as a model farmer came near going to Philadelphia last week, to buy some much coveted shetland ponies which were to be sold in that city last week.

Alexander Stines a cousin of Alexander Deszond, now lies in a critical condition at his farm, in Franklin Park, N. J. Alex. Deszond will stop to see him on his way to his new home in Philadelphia next Friday.

Mr. L. Loewenstein says:—"In regard of the motion on the Garfield Memorial Fund, I would say I did not vote against it at all as 'American' states in the *JOURNAL* of March 9th. Mr. T. A. Froehlich was the only one who voted against it."

Sir, Knight Augustus Zielenki, who taught a drawing class at the Alabama Institution four years ago, received orders last week from the Austrian Consul at Washington, to report for duty in the Austrian army. He goes to Europe this week.

Mr. Ambrose G. Cadbury, a deaf-mute, of Wayne county, who has been working as a compositor in the *Democratic* office at Mr. Sterling for several months, is now paying a pleasant visit to his old classmates, Mr. M. B. Gray, of Cythiana, Ky., this week.

Mr. Rachel Terwilliger, nee Johnson, of Napaweso, N. Y., 70 years of age, fell down suddenly and died of heart disease on Friday morning last. Her brother Elias was very sorry for the loss of his sister. The funeral occurred yesterday, and was well attended.

Rev. Mr. Mann lectured at the house of Mr. Kerr, 393 Trumbull Avenue, Detroit, on Saturday evening, March 4th, on the life and writings of Charles Dickens. On the following Sunday, he conducted two services in St. John's Chapel, baptizing an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. George at one of them.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Downall, Mrs. Emily Keitt, and Messrs. W. L. Waters and Philip Tobin, who are members of the Twilight Union, will attend the Cerebral Locomotor Association's Reception next April, if nothing happens. Mrs. Keitt will be a guest of her brother, in Philadelphia for some days.

Last week, the Brooklyn mute pedestrian beat his best record in one mile walk at Fort Green Park in Brooklyn. His time was 8.13½. He is now anxious to match with any amateur mute walker to walk one mile in fair heel and toe, for a medal. If any walker desire to walk with him, please send a word to 16th and Cherry St., Philadelphia, or through the *JOURNAL*. He will positively refuse to walk with any body who has walked for a wager.

On the 12th inst., Messrs. Eddie W. Frisbee, Albert C. Hargrave and Mr. A. F. Osgood were highly entertained by Mr. MacEwan, one of the crew, in showing the immense machinery and magnificent saloons of the great ocean steamship "Parisian," at her wharf in East Boston. Several mites were there. The ship is 450 feet long, and has twenty-four boilers. She will sail for Liverpool on the 16th inst.

Henry Semple, a graduate of the Central New York Inst. at B. me, with his younger brother, (hearing and speaking) left last Wednesday for his 160 acre farm in Crawford County, Kansas. Immediately on their arrival, they will purchase a pair of mules, draw building materials from the nearest village, set up a shanty and shed, and then proceed to planting and sowing their farm. They took with them a large quantity of seeds and farming tools, and the necessary household furniture and utensils.

Seeing that the gentleman of West, 17th St., does not reply to the attack made upon him by a correspondent in the *Itemizer*, February 16th, I, the writer of that article, herewith wish to assert the non-identity of said gentleman with the writer of that article about the Social Union in the *Itemizer* of February 9th. I should not have replied, but could not complacently contemplate that Brooklyn correspondent in such a trade of passion, therefore, with the utmost speed, made this explanation, that angry one may make his apology and go on his way seeking the true offender upon whom profitably to spend his spleen.—*Cor*.

The members of the Twilight Union and their lady friends, having been cordially invited, will meet at the residence of Miss Emma V. Reed, No. 49 South Eighth Street, near Second Street, on next Friday evening, the 17th inst. Only members and their lady friends allowed to attend the meeting of the Union. All mute gentlemen desiring to do so must join, and thus help support the organization. Mute gentlemen residing at a distance, visiting New York and wishing to attend the gatherings of this club, can do so on recommendation of some member. Applicants must bear a good character, more reliable alone being no recommendation. Persons of quarrelsome disposition not wanted in this Union under any circumstances, the "sad" fate of the "Social Union" having clearly demonstrated the necessity of keeping such people at a distance.

Bad Accident.

Duane W. Furry, of Kent, O., split his foot from the great toe to the instep while chopping wood on John Perry's farm, at Brunsford. Dr. A. M. Shuman dressed the wound. He will be confined to bed for a month.

Mr. H. P. Arms is in Philadelphia again.

The menses are at the Philadelphia Institution.

Can the *JOURNAL* tell the whereabouts of Mrs. Cecilia Lord Phillips?

The lady writer wants to know Ella Randall's address through the *JOURNAL*.

Coly. Daughdrill is now in Mobile, Ala., again. Letters directed to him will reach him.

Mr. Iridon Strauss has opened a shoe shop on his own account in Montgomery, Ala.

A pupil of the Philadelphia Institution, John A. Boland, will go to California next summer.

Mrs. R. D. Lee's little daughter, Norma V. N. Sinclair, has been suffering from lung fever.

Theo. Michael and the notorious Parker have been making it lively for Indianapolis police. It is said Parker has to go "North."

Ardine Rembeck has left Cave Spring, Ga., to take a position in Cincinnati, O. He hopes to meet some of the prominent mutes of the latter place.

Jacob Stiffinger a pupil of the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, Rome, N. Y., would like to know Mr. Michael Cunningham's address.

Mr. A. Dranliet, of Baltimore, paid a short visit to Mr. E. W. H. Gibbs, the deaf mute shoemaker, of Easton, Md. Mr. Gibbs says that he likes the *JOURNAL* very much, and can't do without it.

Adam's Humpty Dumpty Company tendered free tickets to all the deaf mutes of the Tennessee Institution when they played in Knoxville some time ago.

Mr. A. Rembeck, of Cave Spring, Ga., has gone to Cincinnati to work in the Job rooms of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Prof. Sam'l Free, man, of the Georgia Institution, got the "it" for him. We hope he will do well now.

Mr. F. N. Cocagne has been visiting friends for two weeks, in the northern part of New York State. He called on Mr. T. O. Gillett, and also on Mr. C. O. Upham, of Watertown. Afterwards, he visited his brother-in-law, who has a farm of 225 acres, 33 cows, 8 horses, etc.

Madison P. Sawtelle, of Sidney, Mo., visited Mr. Charles T. Folson, at the seythe manufactory in West Waterloo two weeks ago. Mr. Folson was much surprised to see him. They had a pleasant chat. Mr. Sawtelle's father, who is quite old, is going to raise sheep, cattle, etc.

"Your correspondent, who signed himself 'Didy,' gave the issue of March 10th a very interesting account of the progress they are making in forwarding the movement to build a Deaf and Dumb School in Seanton, Penn. I have been an old resident of Seanton, Penn., having lived there almost 12 years, and know how bad such an institution is needed there. Mr. Kocher has my sympathy, and may God reward him for the good deeds he is doing in behalf of the deaf and dumb. May God speed his project."

Mrs. Harry Bierhaus gave a "company" in her parlor, last Saturday evening. The occasion being her husband's birthday. The evening was spent in playing various games, and in partaking of the necessities of life—such as oranges, bananas, cake, candy, and nuts. Mr. Bierhaus received a handsome hand-painted which broom holder from the High Class Girls. An elegant china match safe from Lizzie Reining and a dainty shawl mug from Ida Fulton, both former pupils. A Japanese ash-bowl from Ella Perette. Satin neck-lace from Mr. Jutt, handkerchiefs, &c.

A deaf-mute, named Jopling, hailing from Toronto, Canada, is in New York. He is a draftsman, according to his own representation, but, although he had an opportunity to show what he could do in an engraving establishment, the quality of his work secured for him perfect immunity from further toil before one week had passed. He started a dramatic agency but failed, and was sued by some parties, the result being a judgment of \$700 against him. He is a member of the Toronto Bicycle Club. His home is in New Jersey at present, where he has a wife and six children. His wife is possessed of considerable means.

DEEON HILL, N. Y.—A tramp came along this way one day last week, ending our sympathies in such a way that we set the table with the best the house afforded for his benefit. He was deaf and dumb, and lame, poor fellow; we thought our troubles were as naught compared to this. But one says, "Perhaps he is an impostor." Why is he tramping around all alone? But we said, how could an impostor pour blessings on our heads in the impressive manner he did; as though born to call blessings down from above. But, alas, for human depravity. A few days after he has been to enter H. B. Tefft's store and in a good while asked for a paper of tobacco. All our sympathy, wasted that time. Although we were glad the man was not deaf and dumb, we were very sorry he was such a fraud.—*The People's Journal*.

"Allow me, through your most excellent paper, to correct the misinterpretation of a portion of Rev. Job Turner's letter by the *Tablet*, as noticed in your *Itemizer*

FANWOOD.

One Night in the Boys' Study.

THE "BLACK LIST" OF LONG AGO.

Cullings of the Past Week.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

An old Fanwoodite visiting his Alma Mater at the present day, would imagine himself transferred into another world, as it were. He would gaze anxiously around in search of some one familiar face or object, but in nine cases out of ten he would be disappointed. Old faces have vanished; new ones occupy their place. He might soliloquize to himself: "Wait until this evening, and in the study room I may at least have the pleasure of witnessing old scenes, although acted by different persons." Years ago, no supervisor held sway in the boys' study room. The High Class boys were monitors, each one having a given number of pupils under his surveillance, and in return for his labor was not obliged to work in the shops, but could spend the afternoon as he pleased. The monitors enforced obedience, not by personal methods, but by the "Black List." Ah! the "Black List." How it was hated and feared. Did a pupil speak, down would go a black mark against his name. Did he expostulate, he would only get another for his trouble. Often this would be the "last camel on the straw's back" and he would consider it his duty to pitch into the monitor. Other monitors would rush to the assistance of their brother, which would generally be the signal for a revolt of the mass of pupils. Out would go the lights, and a perfect avalanche of books would fly through the air. Often, on such occasions, when the storm was raging most fiercely, in would walk Dr. H. P. Peet, and the sight of that tall, dignified form, and awful frown, would be sufficient to instantly quell the disturbance. A lecture would be the result, and generally was sufficient to keep the boys in subjection for a month or so.

Saturday mornings, after prayers, the "Black List" was read. Many a youth who had planned an excursion for the afternoon, and who felt certain his name was not on the hated list, awoke to the realization that he had been laboring under a sad delusion. Generally one hundred or more boys were forbidden to leave the premises; very seldom less than fifty. What a howl would go up at the conclusion of the perusal of the list; how the monitors were denounced; and often, too, the inevitable Doctor would have to be called into the room to restore order.

Let our visitor enter the study room to-night at about 7:30 p.m. What does he see? About 300 boys seated at their desks, all with eyes intent upon their books. His entrance causes no commotion. Scarcely an eye is raised, although each boy is aware a stranger is in the room closely observing him. "How can this be possible?" you may ask, in such a mixed assemblage, where boys whose ages range from twelve to thirty years, and of various nationalities and dispositions, are congregated. Simply, at the further end of the apartment, a quite-looking, wiry-built deaf-mute gentleman—the head supervisor—is observed walking to and fro, apparently in deep thought. We say "apparently," for he is not. Every pupil in the room is under his eye. Not a movement escapes him. Should an arm be raised, it is checked ere it has opportunity to sign three words.

It is precisely eight o'clock, and at a sign from the supervisor every book is closed. The monitors immediately rise and gather them, and in less than five minutes they are safely stowed away in the large closet at one end of the room, and the younger pupils are going through a drill preparatory to retiring for the night. The larger boys are now at liberty to leave their seats, and indulge in whatever amusement they prefer. There is no confusion—no disturbance. Each boy feels there is a stronger will than his own in the room, and conducts himself in a manner which the knowledge thereof compels. At nine o'clock, all retire, and the supervisor is off duty for the night.

There is no "Black List" of importance to-day. The discipline throughout the week prevents the necessity of punishing the wrong-doers by depriving them of their liberty on Saturday. The pupils of years ago were not one whit more obstinate or self-willed than those of to-day. The secret of the present harmony is that the supervisors are deaf-mutes who, themselves graduates of the Institution, know the natures they have to deal with. It is against human nature for a boy to willingly obey another pupil of about his own age, and thereby has the secret of the trouble

the High Class monitors, experienced years ago. "Only this, and nothing more."

By the time the distant readers of the JOURNAL are perusing this article, spring will have made her appearance. She is ahead of time at Fanwood, judging from the boils that are beginning to decorate the persons of some of the pupils.

In the spring the festive graduate ambles round old Fanwood's halls. In the spring the youthful fancy gaily turns to love and hate.

In the spring mischievous Nature doth our many pleasures spoil. By afflicting us with nothing but a big, con-founding boil.

Drat the boils that in the morning, ere we fairly are awake, Send a sting along our body with the force of an earthquake.

Drat the boils, that in the evening when our daily tasks are done, With their torturing, pungent torment us, spoil our plans and mar our fun.

"Well, 'tis well that we should blister," had our old boy less spunky proved, We had never told the readers of the JOURNAL how we're moved.

Lewis and Samuel Koffman, of Walden, N. Y., visited old friends here Wednesday last. They remained in the city several days.

The four charming nieces, (sisters) of Miss Jane T. Meigs, sang two or three pieces before a Rapid Transit Meeting in the Washington Heights Methodist Church Thursday evening last. They have an enviable reputation as songstresses, and to this reputation is doubtless due the large attendance at the meeting.

Captain Webb, the celebrated Black Hills Indian fighter, made a tour of the class rooms Thursday last. He is a gigantic specimen of manhood, and looks fully capable of performing again the many daring exploits with which he is credited. He was much interested in deaf-mutes, and deaf-mute education.

Judge Hardin, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, in company with Mrs. William Porter, was in attendance at the service held in the chapel Sunday before last. He appeared deeply interested in the proceedings.

"Cyrl Cadwallader," of ancient lore fame, dropped in on us Friday last. Still we were denied an introduction. He don't appear to fancy girls.

Prof. Currier received a cablegram from his brother the latter part of last week, announcing his safe arrival at Queenstown after seven days' voyage. In our last letter we made an error in stating that the gentleman intended to remain in England. He has gone solely on business for the firm with which he is connected.

The monthly stereopticon lecture was held in the chapel Saturday evening last. The majority of the views were concerning prominent cities of New York State, and were much appreciated.

Mr. Hazen, of Port Jervis, N. Y., former nightwatch, called Sunday last. He is but slightly altered in appearance.

Mr. E. A. Bronson, of St. Louis, made a tour of the shops in company with Mr. Currier on Tuesday last.

Miss Rachel McIlvaine, a graduate of the articulation class of '76, was among our numerous visitors here Sunday last, as also was Richard Herick, class of '81.

Mr. Ladew, uncle of Mrs. Porter, honored us with a visit Sunday last. Base ball is the principal outdoor amusement of the boys at present.

A large tree, about two and a half feet in circumference at the base, in the boys' yard, fell with a crash Monday afternoon, bearing with it to the ground about five feet of the high picket fence. It was fortunate that the boys were at work when it fell, or we might have been compelled to chronicle a serious accident. The heat of the many steam pipes under ground near the tree had been destroying the roots for years, hence its fall without a moment's warning.

Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Cook, her daughter, of Boston, Mass., visited the school Tuesday afternoon last.

General Hagadorn, father of our drawing teacher, paid her a visit a few days ago. Mr. Hagadorn has been a printer for fifty-two years. A few weeks ago while here, he visited our printing office, and was much pleased with its general appearance. Upon being asked to criticize its appearance, management, etc., after a thorough and careful inspection, he gave it as his opinion there was nothing to criticize, everything to praise.

We recently had the pleasure of viewing a specimen of drawing by one of our male pupils. With the limited facilities afforded here for the study of art, we think he has made marvelous progress during the short time he has been under the instruction of Miss Hagadorn. The name of the pupil is William Durian, and he has a decided talent for the work. He is not, however, the only pupil who gives promise of future prominence in this line. A number of our girls are becoming expert in wielding the pencil and brush, and we think, with proper encouragement, will at no distant day receive the reward which the world never fails to accord to genuine merit.

Mrs. Totien, formerly of Illinois, has been boarding with Prof. Mann for a few months past. Few ladies of her age are so well preserved. Her sprightly air and general demeanor would lead one to believe her to be fifteen years younger than she really is.

Alex. Dezendorf, W. Frey and E. A. Barry, spent Monday afternoon at the Institution.

GRACE H.

Mr. E. P. Holmes Explains.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—As I noticed the following sentences in Russell Smith's article under the heading, "Iowa to the front," in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of March 2d, 1882, "Edward P. Holmes, of Cedar Falls, Ia., is one of the committee, and is at trade peddling stationery. He has a tract of 160 acres under the Timber Culture Act, and leaves it to rest 8 years, at the end of which, what he will do I can not learn." I have a right to say through the medium of the JOURNAL, why I peddle stationery, and got the tract of 160 acres in Dakota, for the benefit of some of your readers who may not know of what my prospects and health are. Before proceeding, I will say I am crippled in both arm and leg, caused by accidents in my boyhood, rendering me physically unable to do any heavy work, my crippled right arm being out of joint, easily gets hurt if used by rough motion. It is liable to get somewhat rheumatic sometimes in damp weather. Since I have recently began peddling stationery which, I thought, was easy for me, although I was reluctant to do it for several reasons, I made good money from cheap sales. I keep varieties of fine and cheap letter papers and envelopes, etc. I travel with it on foot and by buggy and railroad. I shall not be ashamed of such peddling or any low and humble work, for I honor the good maxim—"No man should be ashamed of an occupation that secures to him an honest livelihood." Travelling in the country is good for my health.

I may be fortunate in finding some situation or business that suits me better in the future.

Russell Smith says I leave my 160 acres of land at rest 8 years under Timber Culture Act, leads me to think that he believes that those who take up 160 acres under the act, cannot use any part of their lands for any kind of agriculture without living themselves on the land during eight years, except a certain part of the land for timber planting. If so, he is greatly mistaken. Those who hold their 160-acre land under the Timber Culture Act, are entitled to the use of it at any time they please, as well without living on it as living on it, provided they will, in the meantime, improve 10 of the 160 acres for Timber according to the act. My land is only 1 1/2 miles from a thriving and new town called Kimball, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. It rises fast in value. I will do what seems best for me to do with my land. Steps are now being taken to divide Dakota and make the southern part, or half, in which my land is, a new State, leaving out Dakota Territory in the north.

It is now high time for some mutes, who want farms, to come and take up or purchase some land in either the south or north part of Dakota, or some other territory, at the government price, as I said in my account about the Deaf-Mute Colony in the report of the First National Convention of Deaf-Mutes. Russell Smith also made another mistake in saying that Mr. Samuel A. Lewis, of Anamosa, Ia., has a farm of 160 acres there. Mr. Lewis told me that he has only 40 acres in all. It is very valuable on account of its being only two miles from Anamosa, Ia., a thriving town of almost 3000 inhabitants. He was offered a high price for the 40 acres, but he declined.

Yours truly,

EDWARD P. HOLMES.

The proposed Jersey Institution.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I was much surprised at the reply of Mr. Gulick to my trifling difference in regard to the Soldiers Children's Home for the Deaf and Dumb. I supposed that my mention of his meritorious efforts in getting it up would put him in a pleasant mood, and had no idea that my trifling difference would irritate him and cause him to write such an article as that from circumstantial appearance on which no positive evidence rests. If he looked over my last article and Mr. Deshler's letter carefully again and criticized our statement, he would not have wrote that unpleasant article. I regret that my last article should cause him unpleasant feelings. Did not Mr. Gulick see that we were so cautious as not to expose our opposition to the old Soldiers Children's Home to the hearing and speaking public? Did not he notice that Mr. Deshler was unwilling to frustrate the imperfect bill of establishing the Institution and would rather wait for events, hoping that it might come out all right? Is it not wise in him? Before I got his reply, and when I wrote to him, I mentioned nothing about the Old Soldiers Children's Home, but as Mr. Deshler and Gov. Ludlow live in the same place, it was natural for me to expect that the Governor has learned something from the "old man." Mr. Deshler, on the enterprise of establishing the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and was taking an interest in it, and wrote to him and ask his opinion about its proposition, and mentioned the need of an immediate establishment of an Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in New Jersey without any longer delay. The Pennsylvania Institution being so full that it could take no more scholars from the State. Mr. Gulick will see that I avoided making any mention about the Old Soldiers Children's Home in my "such a letter of discontent to Mr. Deshler." Perhaps I am so independent in my own opinions in regard to the Old Soldiers Children's Home for the proposed Institution for Mr. Gulick's idea in the sight of

deaf-mute community. But my opinions in regard to that unsuitable building are formed by my close observation of the physical faculties and intellectual improvement of the deaf and dumb, which require a more perfect Institution and more skilled and patient teachers, so as to make them happy members of society, more than those of the better favored would.

Some years ago, being a practical carpenter myself, I took a carriage ride with a friend of mine to the Soldiers Children's Home, and took a few minutes look at it, which was as much as one hour. It looked stately from its outside and width, to an inexperienced observer. But its interior was different, and according to my recollections of the discussion going on among the members of the Legislature, when the only few remaining children of the deceased soldiers left at their order, it was intended for only one hundred inmates, what it should be done with, and it was considered too large to keep a small number advantageously. It has stood idle since. It is impossible to accommodate 300 pupils, besides teachers and servants, within it comfortable and advantageously, and it is situated on a somewhat lowland, and surrounded by two cemeteries (higher)? as Mr. Gulick said—if so, it must be injurious to the health of the 300 inmates crammed in that building.

When the act to establish an Institution for Deaf-Mutes in New Jersey was passed in 1875, New Brunswick offered to buy the tract of thirty-three acres, most beautifully situated on a hill, overlooking the city and having a splendid view of the distant hills, and give them to the proposed Institution if it would be erected there. I was there, examined it at every point, and found it very admirable for that site. It would have been erected there if it was pushed ahead vigorously. But, unfortunately, the memorable panic affected the financial matter severely, so that it has been delayed to this day.

New Brunswick is the most central, and would be the most desirable place for the institution. That tract of land has a beautiful natural grove, a pond, a roaring rivulet through it, and a deep chasm. There is every thing on it which would develop the physical faculties and intellectual improvements delightfully. I have one hundred reasons why that tract should be selected for the proposed institution, but cannot mention them now.

Mr. Dashler is an "old man," but has ample knowledge of the condition of deaf-mutes in New Jersey, from his thorough investigations of the Pennsylvania, New York, and other State institutions, when he was one of the original Committee, appointed by ex-Gov. Parker, before the act to establish the institution in this State. Rev. Mix, who was my pastor and resigned his pastorage last year, was the originator of the enterprise of establishing the institution.

But now, on the consideration of the circumstances which have come unavoidably, and of the remarkable economy of the succeeding governors since the expiration of Gov. Parker's term, for the sake of the deaf-mutes needing education immediately, we should be satisfied with Senator Taylor's bill, converting the old "Soldiers Children's Home into an institution for the deaf and dumb—and one year or two after its occupation—the statement of its inadequateness can be presented before the next Legislature.

J. B. WEST ORANGE, March 11, 1882.

Hudson Riverside Literary Association.

Some may think that this Association has been busted, for it has not set anything to the worthy JOURNAL for publication about its proceedings for a long time; but it is not dead, and has not been disbanded. Our club is organized for the purpose of improving the intellectual and social qualities of its members, and cultivating feelings of friendship among them, and rendering substantial aid to each other. This association has eleven active members, most of whom are now pupils at the New York School, and about four honorary members. The active members are as follows:—Elmer E. Smith, John H. Dobbs, Arthur L. Thomas, Edward Dunlap, J. H. Donnelly, Dennis Sullivan, E. H. Singer, Chas. Letts, William Reilly and William Ennis. The honorary members are:—C. D. Edmonston, Eli Kelder, Isaac Jones and Chas. E. Card; all of whom are earning their own living in the world.

We have just received a draft of the constitution and By-Laws from Mr. J. H. Dobbs, who has made some reasonable suggestions in regard to the constitution.

There is much talk about buying about fifty acres of good land in the South, when the fund is in good condition. The treasurer's pockets being full, he will have to go and put the fund in a safer place, where it can accumulate with interest.

Mr. J. H. Dobbs will probably pay us a visit this month, when he goes to the city to see his father, who is working there.

If any honorary member wants information concerning the Association, he can communicate with the Secretary pro-tem, William Ennis.

We will have the pleasure of taking five dollars from the fund for the purpose of forwarding it to the Garfield Memorial Fund, as the members all agreed with this motion at a recent meeting outside the Institution. More anon. DUCK QUILL, Fanwood, March 12, 1882.

IOWA.

How the Iowa Papers feel upon the Coming Convention.

PERSONAL, ETC.

"My bureau" contains piles of Iowa papers sent to this writer through the compliments of his many friends, which papers have commented highly upon the minutes of the late conference in Des Moines, Iowa,—as interesting and instructive—the less noise, the more harmony." As it seems, they must have been in the habit of thinking our class of silent pupils as being very unfortunate, but now, to their great amazement, they find it very different. The papers throughout the State announce to the effect that the deaf-mutes of the State are to have a convention of their own in Des Moines during the coming State Fair, next September, and that some of them held a conference in that city recently to discuss the proposition and decide upon it.

Every mute happening to meet another, either on the road or in the city, would wave his hand, "Bah for the convention! Will you go?" While in the evenings at their cheerful homes they would talk happily about it, particularly old farmers, who would clap their hands in earnestness, surely to that effect, and also thinking they will have a big time. It is a very gratifying feeling they display about the convention, and also it is hoped they will share with us towards the success of it, as the newspapers will hunger for the benefit of the readers generally. So far as my office of Secretary is concerned, I can afford to say that there will be a very good programme in general, consisting of one or two lectures, one oration, one poem, one or two debates and many addresses, and perhaps a pleasure excursion to a grove. One debate shall be on the question of removing the Institution from Council Bluffs to Des Moines, and the Legislature can understand the result.

The proposed removal of the Iowa Institution, as stated before, is the rage among the pupils at the Institution. As far as I can learn, the projectors of this subject are Mr. Edmund Booth, and perhaps his son, Prof. F. W. Booth, a teacher in that Institution and the editor of the Hawk-eye, published at the Institution. They seem likely to have been inspired to force that they will find importance and great profit in it to their benefit a few years hence. It came from a very authoritative source, but I can hardly believe it; because the Hawkeye, and particularly Editor Booth, coming to the front, denies the advocacy of the proposed removal.

This paper, in its editorials, only urges upon the attention of the pending legislature for more teachers and better teachers, and would like to know if it is unjust for schools in Iowa to have from twelve to fifteen pupils in a class, while in the institution they have from seventeen to twenty-two. Certainly the latter often results in getting up "hobby-horses." More teachers and better teachers, as mentioned, can be found in the persons of graduates at the Washington College, who will seek a field for their future in the world.

John H. Harvey, whose reference was omitted in my last letter, and ought to have been made, is one of the committee of the mutes of Iowa, and lives in Des Moines. By trade he is a shoemaker, keeping a custom shop, and is making money on his own hook. He has bought a lot, and built a nice house on the east side of the city, near the new Capitol, which, in total, cost the tax-payers about \$1,500,000, a great sum for a far western State.

Mr. Jesse VanWinkle, a mute of Des Moines, is boarding either at the Aborn House or the Kirkwood, and never works. He is said to live on a large income, but we can't be he is a good old bachelor. We had lots of fun with him during the conference.

Mr. Geo. W. Evans, of Perry, Ia., talks of moving to Des Moines soon to take a job already offered him. We wish him abundant success.

Livingstone, of Denver, Col., must be a Hercules. His paper, the Frontiersman, is improving. It is very strange he has many enemies in New England, who say they would have him taken to jail, whenever he should get there. Mr. Livingstone was in New England recently, spending a few days, and nothing of the law touched him.

In my last letter, I made a little blunder by mentioning Samuel B. Lewis, instead of John B. Lewis, and the latter name should have been mentioned as a visitor during our late conference.

It is rumored that Mr. W. A. Nelson, of Iowa City, the distinguished Iowa runner at the Washington College, will take a position as teacher in the Iowa Institution next year.

Miss Rose G. Moore, of Des Moines, talks of making her uncle a visit in Mitchellville, Iowa, this spring, and staying there only for a short while.

It has pained my heart to learn the death of the beautiful wife of Mr. E. A. Hodgson, who was Miss Mary H. Whitehead in her school days. I can

remember seven years ago when I saw her last at the "Old Fanwood," that she was among the sweetest and most forgiving girls. My sister joins with me in wishing to extend our sympathy to Mr. Hodgson in his great affliction.

Yours in sympathy,

RUSSELL SMITH.

Work while it is Day.

TO THE DEAF, FROM ONE OF THEIR NUMBER.

If on thy mind, once by ignorance clouded, The light of reason now has dawned, O, do not let the golden day slip silently, unimproved away; Remember there is work for all, And soon will come the dark night fall.

Your curious mind, so full of power, Was given you as a glorious dowry; Then shall you empty it in idle thought; And to the thirsty give no draught? Shall all the good that you might do Be left to the efforts of a faithful few?

O'er other minds you an influence shed: Shall these with profitless goodness be fed? No, no, with the light has been given, Strive to show others the way to heaven That "the Lord of the harvest," at twilight, find The seed you've sown has blessed mankind.

Shrink not at difficulties mountain high; You may o'er-come them if you try. The light of knowledge has broken through The barriers of silence that encompass you, Proving that there are tasks to be done, Battles to be fought and victories won.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA. KATIE M. FARLOW.

Roman Glints.

The health of the pupils is excellent except one boy named Willie Gray. He is very sick with pneumonia, and is under the care of our skillful physician.

Mr. J. H. Eddy delivered a lecture to the scholars on the 4th inst. The subject was "The story of our World." It was very instructive and novel.

Mr. Joshua Pimm, of Wolcott, N. Y., stopped here on his homeward jaunt from the Love, and was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Benedict. Mr. Pimm seemed to have some one here in his mind's eye. We shall wish him joy, but hope this won't scare him away.

Mrs. Walter Edwards, nee Hubbard, is it too late for me to congratulate you on your marriage? If not, please let me do so now. Now, "Romanzo," you had better follow our example soon.

Mr. Nelson has not got back from the South yet, but every thing goes on the same as if he were here.

"Terewka" is in his "wigwam" at peace with his neighboring redmen, although there is a band of young bucks living across the way from him. If he goes on the war path again on his "iron horse," we hope he will write about his adventures for the JOURNAL.

BITTERSWEET.

ROME, N. Y., March 6, 1882.

Letter from Pennsylvania.

To Mr. John Dougherty, of Watkins, N. Y., is extended the kindest and best wishes of the writer, his old classmate and friend. May he and wife pass happily through all of life's varying scenes.

"Bab" owes many thanks for another (the fourth) invitation to a Christmas party, this time from Mr. and Mrs. —, mutes of Monroe, Pa. He is sorry that home engagements for that day prevented his accepting any of them. No doubt they all passed off with pleasure and satisfaction to each host, hostess and honored guest.

The issue of the JOURNAL of the 5th of January last, said that Mr. Geo. B. Bowers would like to have his Catawissa friend visit him. That friend is obliged to him for the invitation, and will try to stop at Millersburg before long, as he purposes, if nothing prevents, visiting Lykens shortly, to see his rosy-faced acquaintance and friend.

The writer left home four weeks ago, for the purpose of visiting his country friends, and has had a splendid time. He is now stopping with his brother, a minister of Northumberland, Pa. Here he had the pleasure to see Mr. Tom. Clark and his cheerful wife, of the same place. Mr. Clark is building a new residence for himself and companion. His steady habit, of industry is being rewarded with prosperity. His brother-in-law, Mr. Henry M. Kline, near Sunbury, is at work now, digging a cellar. The writer was much pleased with his recent visit to Mr. Kline, a well-to-do farmer and his lovely wife, an excellent housekeeper. He feels grateful to them for their generous hospitality. On the last day of February, Mr. Kline fell from the back of his very spirited horse,—a beautiful animal but wild as an Indian chief. He was so fortunate as to escape unhurt.

In a paper recently was found the following,—which I will copy for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. "A deaf-mute boy's definition. The beauty of the 'straight line' is not all a geometrical one. It is a moral one. A gentleman once asked a deaf and dumb boy: 'What is truth?' He replied by taking a piece of chalk, and drawing on the blackboard a straight line between two points. Then he asked him: 'What is a lie?' The boy rubbed out the straight line, and drew a zigzag or crooked line between the same two points. Remember this. All that is so well-known in the words direct, correct, and rectitude come from the same idea of the straight line."

Enclosed please find \$1.50 for my subscription for 1882. Your paper is always a cheerful and welcome visitor to me. Long may the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL live, and be patronized by the reading public.

A NORTHERNBERLAND VISITOR.

3-9-82.

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